## POLLY CIRCUS

By MARGARET MAYO

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#### [CONTINUES.]

"Why did you leave me as you did?" "I told you then." She tried to cross toward the dressing tent.

He selzed her small wrists and forced ther to look at him.

"And I am not happy without you, and I never, never can be." The floodgrates were open. His eyes were aglow. He bent toward her eagerly.

"Oh, you mustn't!" she begged. "You've grown so close," he cried.
"so close!" She struggled to be free. He did not heed her. "You know, you must know, what I mean." He drew ther toward him and forced her into his arms. "You're more precious to one than all else on this earth."

For the first time be saw the extreme pallor on her face. He felt her growing timp and lifeless in his arms. A doubt crossed his mind. "If I am wrong in thinking you feel as I do. if you honestly care for all this," he glanced about at the tents, "more than for any life that I can give you, I



"Never mind, Bingo,"

shan't interfere. You'll be going on your way in an hour. I'll say goodby and God bless you, but if you do care for me. Polly," he was pleading now, "If you're not happy here, won't you come back to me? Won't you,

She dared not meet his eyes nor yet to send him away. She stood irresolute. The voice of Deacon Strong answered for her.

"So you're here, are you?"

"Yes, Deacon Strong, I'm here," answered the pastor as he turned to meet the accusing eyes of the deacon.

"As for you, miss," continued Strong, swith an inscient nod toward Polly, "I unight have known how you'd keep your part of the bargain."

"Bargain!" echoed Douglas. "What bargain?"

"Oh, please, Deacon Strong, please, I glidn't mean to see him-1 didn't, tru- her, then stopped at the sound of Barly." She hardly knew what she was eaving.

"What bargain?" demanded Douglas. "She told me that you and her that our star rider, Miss Polly, will not wasn't ever goin' to see each other appear tonight, we offer you in her ag'in!" roared Strong. "If I'd knowed place an able substitute, Mile. Eloise, she was goin' to keep on with this kind of thing you wouldn't have got | rian." off so easy."

"So that's it!" cried Douglas. It was all clear to him now. He recalled everything - her hysterical behavior, her laughter, her tears. "It was you who drove that child back to this." He glanced at Polly. The narrow shoulders were bent forward. The nervous Atthe fingers were clasping and unclasping each other. Never before had she seemed so small and helpless.

"Oh, please, Mr. John, please don't make him any worse!"

"Why didn't you tell me?" he de-

manded. "It would have done no good," she sobbed. "Oh, why-why won't you leave me alone?"

"It would have done all the good in the world. What right had he to send you back to this?"

"I had every right," said Strong stubbornly.

"What?" cried Douglas. "It was my duty."

"Your duty? Your narrow minded

bigotry!" "I don't allow no man to talk to me like that, not even my parson."

"I'm not your parson any longer, declared Douglas. He faced Strong squarely. He was master of his own affairs at last. Polly clung to him, begging and beseeching.

"Oh, Mr. John, Mr. John!" "What do you mean by that?" shout-

ed Strong.

"I mean that I stayed with you and your narrow minded congregation before because I believed you needed me, But now this girl needs me more. She needs me to protect her from just such Injustice as yours."

"You'd better be protectin' yourself.

That's my advice to you." "I can do that without your advice." "Maybe you can find another church with that circus ridio' girl a-hangin'

cound your neck." "He's right," cried Polly. "You couldn't." She clung to the paster in

terrified entreaty. "You couldn't get another church. They'd never, never of Barbarian. He was a poorly trained forgive you. It's no use. You've got to horse, used by the other girl for more let me go! You've got to!"

him. "God is greater than any church or creed. There's work to be done everywhere-his work."

"You'll soon find out about that."

thundered Strong. his head thrown high. "This child has wounded. opened a new world to me. She has She and I will find the way together." "It won't be an easy one, I'll promise you that." Strong turned to go.

"I'm not looking for the easy way," Douglas called after him; then he turn ed in silence. "She's over the first ed to draw Polly's arm within his, but part," Jim whispered at last. Polly had slipped from his side to follow the deacon.

"Oh, please, Deacon Strong, please!" the ring. Eloise stood at the pastor's she pleaded. "You won't go away like side horror stricken at Polly's reckless that. He'll be all right if you'll only behavior. She knew Barbarian. It wait. I'm not coming back. I'm nothonestly. I'm going on with the show tonight, and I'm going this time for-

"You are going to stay here with

me!" cried Douglas. "No, no, Mr. John! I've made up my mind, and I won't be to blame for your was Polly. She plunged wildly. The anhappiness." She faced him fir 'y audience started. She caught her footand I don't want to try any more. I'm | hoops were passed. She threw herself what he called me-I'm a circus riding across the back of the horse and hung girl. I was born in the circus, and I'll head downward as he galloped around never change. That's my work-riding the ring. The band was playing loud--and it's yours to preach. You must ly; the people were cheering. She rose do your work, and I'll de mine,"

Polly was springing on to the back showy but less dangerous feats than "Listen, Polly." He drew her toward Polly's.

"She's goin' through her regular turn with him. She's trying to break her neck," said Jim. "She wants to do it. It's your fault!" he cried, turning upon Douglas with bloodshot eyes. He was "So I will," answered Douglas, with half insane. He cared little whom he

"Why can't we stop her?" cried shown me a broader deeper humanity. Douglas, unable to endure the strain. He took one step inside the entrance. "No, no; not that?" Jim dragged him back roughly. "If she sees you

now it will be the end." They watch-Douglas drew back, his muscles tense, as he watched the scene inside

was easy to guess the end.

"She's comin' to the hoops," Jin whispered hoarsely.

"Barbarian don't know that part. never trained him," the other girl said. Polly made the first leap toward the hoops. The horse was not at fault; it "I don't belong to your world. Ing with an effort. One, two, three to meet the last two hoops.



CAUGHT THE SLIP OF A GIRL IN HIS ARMS JUST AS SHE WAS ABOUT TO SINK FAINTING BENEATH THE HORSE'S HOOFS.

She started toward the ring. Eloise! and Harbarian were already waiting at

the entrance. "Eleise!" She took one step toward ker's voice.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he called, "although we are obliged to announce on her black, untamed horse Barba-

Eloise put her hands on the horse's back to mount.

"No, no!" cried Polly. The other girl turned in astonish-

ment at the agony in her voice. "Polly!" "Wait, Eloise! I'm going to ride!"

"You can't, not Barbarian! He don't know your turn." "So much the better!" She seized the bridle from the frightened girl's hand.

"Polly!" shouted Douglas. He had followed her to the entrance. "I must! I will!"

could stop her. He took one step to follow her.

"You'd better let her alone and get out of here," said Strong. His voice was like a firebrand to Douglas. He turned upon him, white with rage.

"You drove her to this," His fists were clinched. He drew back to strike. Jim came from behind the wagons just in time to catch the uplifted arm. "Leave him to me. This ain't no parson's job." The pastor lowered his arm, but kept his threatening eyes on

"Where's Poll?" asked Jim. "In there!" Douglas pointed toward head. He was still glaring at the deacon and breathing hard.

the deacon's face.

"What!" cried Jim in alarm. He faced about and saw Eloise. He guess-He threw them back and looked into the ring.

"My God! Why don't Barker stop

her?" "What is it?" called Douglas. He forgot the deacon in his terror at Jim's sobbing weakly. behavior, and Strong was able to slip away unnoticed. "She's goin' to ride! She's goin' to

ride Barbarian!" Douglas crossed to his side and

"She's swayin'!" Jim shricked in agony. "She's goin' to fall!" He covered his face with his hands. Polly recled and fell at the borse's

side. She mounted and fell again. She rose and staggered in pursuit. "I can't bear it!" groaned Douglas. He rushed into the ring, unconscious of the thousands of eyes bent upon his black ministerial garb, and caught the

slip of a girl in his arms just as she was about to sink fainting beneath the horse's hoofs. Barker brought the performance to

a halt with a crack of his whip. The audience was on tiptoe. White faced clowns and gayly attired acrobats crowded around Polly and the paster. Douglas did not see them. He had come into his own.

"He's bringin' her out," whispered Eloise, who still watched at the entrance. Jim dared not look up. His head was still in his hands.

"Is it over?" be groaned. "I don't know. I can't tell yet." She stepped aside as Douglas came out in the deep, sure tones told her that he She flew into the ring before he of the tent, followed by a swarm of was speaking the truth. She lifted performers. He knelt on the soft grass one trembling hand to his shoulder and rested Polly's head upon his knee. and looked up into his face. The others pressed about them. It seemed to Douglas that he waited thou diest will I die." hours; then her white lids quivered and opened, and the color crept back

to her lips. "It's all right, Jim!" called one of me." the men from the crowd. "She's only fainted." The big fellow had waited in his tracks for the verdict!

Polly's eyes looked up into those of the parson. A thrill shot through his veins.

"It was no use, was it?" She shook her head, with a sad little smile. He the main tent without turning his knew that she was thinking of her failure to get out of his way.

"That's because I need you so much, Polly, that God won't let you go away from me." He drew her nearer to him, and the warm blood that shot to ed the truth. A few quick strides, her cheeks brought back her strength. brought him to the entrance curtains. She rose unsteadily and looked about distributing tracts, hands one to cab her. Jim came toward her, white and by, who glances at it, hands it back trembling.

"All right, Poll?" "Oh, Muvver Jim!" She threw herself into his arms and clung to him,

No one could ever remember just how the audience left the big top that night, and even Barker had no clear idea of how Jim took down the tents, leaded the great wagons and sent the caravan on its way.

# FOURYEARS OF MISERY

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md. - "For four years my life was a misery to me. I suffered from irregulari-ties, terrible drag-



ging sensations, extreme nervous-ness, and that all gone feeling in my stomach. I had given up hope of ever being well when I began to take Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound. Then I felt as though new life had been

given me, and I am recommending it to all my friends."—Mrs. W. S. FORD, 1938 Lansdowne St., Baltimore, Md. The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of fensale complaints is Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound. It has stood the test of years and to-day is more widely and successfully used than any other female remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency,

indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed.

If you are suffering from any of these ailments, don't give up hope until you have given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. She has guided thousands to health, free of charge.

When the last wagon was beginning to climb the long, winding road of the moonlit hill Jim turned to Polly, who stood near the side of the deserted ring. His eyes traveled from her to the parson, who waited near her. She was in her street clothes now, the little brown Quakerish dress which she had hosen to wear so much since her reurn from the parsonage.

"I guess I won't be makin' no mistake this time," he said, and be placed her hand in that of the parson. "Goodby, Muyver Jim," faltered Pol-

He stooped and touched her fore head with his lips. A mother's spirit breathed through his kiss.

"I'm glad it's like this," he said. then turned away and followed the long, dotted line of winding lights disappearing slowly over the hill. Her eyes traveled after him.

Douglas touched the cold little hand "I belong with them," she said, still

gazing after Jim and the wagons.
"You belong with me," he answered in a firm, grave voice, and something



"If aught but death part thee and me.

"Whither thou goest will I go; where He drew her into his arms. "The Lord do so to me and more

also if aught but death part thee and THE END.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Bignature of Chart Hillthirs

Thought it Was a Proposal. Scene-Cab stand near London, Lady and says politely. "Thank you, lady. but I'm a married man." Lady nerv ously looks at the title and, reading "Abide with me," burriedly departs, to the great amusement of cabby.-London Spare Manuella.

The bogfish, swimming down the cod's throat, kills its host and eats its way out

### Gems In Verse

FATE. OU gave to me my work to do. You brought and set it before

me.
I laughed with the laughter of one, seeing, who understands.

I bent to the task elate, zeal like a man-

tle o'er me.
Why dld you break my wrists and shatter the strength of my hands? You gave me the song to sing, and mine

the joy of the bringing Strands of heaven and sea and earth strung to the perfect note.

strung to the perfect note.

Finished, glorious, whole, I raised my head for its singing.

Why did you seal my lips and crush the song in my throat? work I was fain to do-it rusts in

the work I was fain to do—it rusts in the drift of the sands.

The song I was fain to sing is waste for the winds to float.

Why did you break my wrists and shatter the strength of my hands?

Why did you seal my lips and crush the song in my throat?

-Theodosia Garrison.

#### THE YOUNG MEN.

GLAD be the hearts of the young men, and the feet of them, glad be they That they walk in the morning meadows That they ware in the morning meadows and diffuse on the dewy way. The strong men, the song men, the men with the red blood will. With their heads in the clouds of glory.

GLAD be the hearts of the young mer With the cry of the battle bugles and the music of spring; The brawn men, the dawn men, the men

their feet on the hill!

who are from and them.
With their hopes in the faroff valleys
where the dreams come true! GLAD be the hearts of the young men

with the forward looking, the hope Winged with the victory pinions where the hills stand ope; The steel men, the real men, the men who must fight the fight, Their fect on the steps of star-beam, their souls in the light!

GLAD be the hearts of the young men, with music of morning voice, Life not a world worn burden, but a thing to rejoice;

The new men, the true men-glad be the ages they come. When the old gods sleep in the trenches and the trumpets are dumb -Folger McKinsey.

#### AS SEEN FROM MARS.

LD Zelus, the Martian astronomer, At his window on July the fourth (only that Doesn't show on the calendar kept up in Mars) squinted his telescope out at the

As he poked at the planets to left and to right
His eye fell at last on a wonderful sight,
For down on the rim of the orb called the A flery upheaval was having its birth.

In a riot of splendor most gorgeous to The geysers of flame spouted red, white and blue, And the joy of old Zelus was cheerful to note As he took down his book and trium-

phantly wrote:

"Another remarkable justification
Of my old periodical manifestation."
And he meant, though the time he could
not clearly fix.
That it dated from seventeen-seventy-six.

-Charles Hamilton Musgrove. A CONNAUGHT LAMENT. I WILL arise and go hence to the west

And dig me a grave where the hill winds call, But, oh, were I dead, were I dust, the fall Of my own love's footstep would break

MY heart in my bosom is black as a I heed not cuckoo nor wren nor swal-Like a flying leaf in the sky's blue hol

The heart in my breast is, that beats s BECAUSE of the words your lips have spoken (Oh, dear, black head that I must not follow!)
My heart is a grave that is stripped and

hollow.

As ice on the water my heart is broken. O LIPS forgetful and kindness fickle, The swallow goes south with you! go west.

Where fields are empty and scythes at rest. I am the poppy, and you are the sickle. My heart is broken within my breast. -Nora Chesson Hopper.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS.

TE have been friends together In sunshipe and in shade Since first beneath the chestnu In infancy we played. But coldness dwells within thy heart, A cloud is on thy brow. We have been friends tog-We have been friends together. Shall a light word part us now?

We have been friends together, We have laughed at little jests, For the fount of hope was gushing Warm and joyous in our breasts. But laughter now hath fled thy life, And sullen glooms thy brow. We have been gay together.

Shall a light word part us now? We have been sad together. We have wept with bitter tears O'er the grass grown graves where slum-bered The hopes of early years.

The voices which are silent there Would bid thee clear thy brow. We have been sad together. Oh, what shall part us now?

The thunder of the sunset gun

-Caroline Norton AN ARMY LULLABY. BEYOND the hilltops sinks the sun; The baby birds are in their nest;

Calls baby soldier boys to rest. UPON a chair beside your bed Your sword and helmet you can see (When father went to war he said That you must take good care of me.)

You've knelt and sald your bedtime prayer, So now in slumber close your eyes. The sentry calls: "Halt! Who goes there?" "A friend," the sandman's voice replies
-- Mary Street Whitten.

TO LIBERTY-A TOAST. HERE'S to our goddess, Liberty, Idel of bronze and stone!

May she come to life some day

And let her charms be known

-Oliver Herford.

## NEED OF THE HOUR.

A Closer Union in the Work of Grange Lecturers.

The Lecturer of the Michigan State Grange Suggests Specific Methods For Improving Present Conditions.

Value of Directed Effort. [Special Correspondence.] "What in your opinion would strengthen the grange and grange

work today?" you ask,

A closer union among the various lecture departments, national, state, pomona and subordinate. On the basis that the greatest mission of the grange is educational and that the lecturer occupies the position of a teacher, the organization should develop strong constructive plans for exploring and pre-empting the full possibilities of the lecture hour. The system with which its educational work is conducted should be made co-ordinate with that of other similar institutions devoted to agricultural and rural social uplift. As a whole, we will do our best under an aggressive, stimulating and directing force, emanating from the highest and permeating every degree of the order,

Some of the specific methods by which this closer union might be encouraged are:

First.-Through communications and advising by correspondence of the national lecturer with under lecturers.

Second.-Through up to date printed matter relating to grange history, accomplishments, progressive methods and present methods, made available for distribution from the national and state offices.

Third.—Through a few broad topics suggested to form the basis of uniformity in program work and to secure concentration of discussion throughout the order within a given

Fourth.-Through lecturers' conferences (a) at national sessions, which state granges should encourage and perhaps assist their lecturers to attend; (b) at state sessions, which pomona and subordinate granges should encourage and sometimes assist their lecturers to attend; (c) at pomona sessions, which subordinate granges should encourage their lecturers to at-JENNIE BUELL, tend.

Lecturer Michigan State Grange.

right's Disease of the Kidne s. Cured Bright's disease of the Kidneys can be cured in its early stages by the use of Rydale's Kidney Remedy. This remedy is made from a prescription of the greatest Kidney Specialist in Europe. Sufferers from back-ache, weak kidneys, inflammation of the bladder and rheumatism, will find this remedy will quickly relieve and soon permanently cure these complaints. We sell Rydale's Kidney Remedy under a positive guarantee. A. L. Cheney, Morrisville; C. P. Jones, Johnson; C. A. Riley, Stowe; E. W. Smith, Nor h Hyde Park; M. J. Leach. Wolcott.

Red Cheeks In Addison's Day. It seems that the "beauty doctor" is by no means a modern invention. The Atlantic cites an amusing advertisement to this effect printed in Addison's

Spectator:

The famous Bavarian Red Liquor: Which gives such a delightful, blushing Colour to the Cheeks of those that are White or Pale, that it is not to be distinguished from a natural fine Complexion, nor perceived to be artificial by the nearest Friend. Is nothing of Paint, or in the least burtful, but good in many Cases to be taken inwardly. It renders the Face delightfully bandsome and beautiful; is not subject to be rubb'd off like Paint, therefore cannot be discovered by the nearest Friend. It is certainly the best Beautifler in the World. Is sold only at Mr. Payn's Toy hop at the Angel and Crown in St. Panl's Church-yard, near Cheapside, at 3s. 6d. a Bottle, with Directions:

On the west coast of Africa the natives call the raspberry a yaw. It happens that one of the pleasing diseases

The Yaws.

that come out from that quarter of the globe is characterized by dusky red spots that appear on the body and soon grow into ulcers about the size and looks of the raspberry. So this disease is called the yaws. It is contagious and downright disagreeable. White sailors bring it back with them to their own discomfort and the disgust of those at home. Yaws prevails also in the Fiji islands and in Samoa, but in these two places children mainly are attacked, and the natives regard the disease in the same light at civilized persons look at measles-almost a certainty to have and the sooner over with the better.

#### Summer and Fall Seeding and Top-Dressing

Many farmers are finding it to their advantage to seed down during the summer and fall, claiming that by so doing they are apt to get a much better "catch" than they do when they follow the usual practice and seed down in the spring.

The same is true regarding top-dressing grass land. Some of the most progressive farmers put on top-dressing immediately after having, with perhaps a small application of nitrate of soda the followng spring.

If you will send your name and P. O. address to Carroll S. Page, Hyde Park, Vt., he will send you free, postpaid, sev-eral formulas for mixing fertilizers especially adapted to top-dressing and fall seeding, together with prices of ingrepients, full directions for mixing, etc. These formulas have been approved by the Vermont Experiment Station and will be found thoroughly reliable.